



The Emperour of constantyne
 A doughty man at that tyme
 The turke hē toke y^e hether bounde
 And gaue hym in vey a grydly wounde
 I praye god gyue hym grame
 He bounde hym tyll the blode out braste
 And bad hym forlake Jesu in haste
 Or elles thou shalt haue shame
 Haue done anone and hym desye
 And also his mother Mary
 Tha^t thou callest his dame
 Valeryan answered and sayd naye
 Thou shalt see howe he hateth and halowed
 And howe he will be folowed

B, recto.
(of British Mus. frag.)



B, verso



Amonge the fendes blake
Lene in Jesu ful of myght
And that mayden that he in lyght
For chrylten mennes sake
Than the turke Waxed euill apayde
Commaunded his men at a brayde
Anone to make hym naked
He bad them beate hym wth scourges kene
And after boze out his eyne
With wymbles hote and reed
They plucked his heare by and by
And bothe his eares on hy
They cut of his heed
With pynsons his tethe they brake
Bade hym anone his god forlake
O he sholde neuer eate no breed
They sawe in no wyse that it wolde be
Anone they made a sawe of tree
And sawed hym to deed
Tho the turkes With moche payne
This doughty man haue they slayne
For Chrystes sake I saye
And so they dyd With many mo
The turkes myght curse the tyme also
That they came there that daye
Of chrystes people was many a parte mare
There was no turke payed of his parte
By the laste ende of the fraye
Of them freght

Beaten downe With many a gonne
And chrysten people slayne
There the turke With his men
Raped styll that noble cyte
Durst no man hym With sayne
Forty myle rounde aboute
Durst no man by hym route
Neither on hyll ne playne
The turke kepte the felde many a daye
Chrysten people in the countrey
Of hym Were dredde I sayne
Where they myght ony chrysten gete
I tell you now Withouten doute
They lefte thyr lyfe to wedde
All suffered othe for Chrystes sake
That this turke myght ouertake
But there they for hym fledde
Therof herde a holy frere
The werkes of the fendes fere
And to Rome hym spedde
Johan Capistranus the frere myght
I dare say he was goddes knyght
An holy man was he
To the pope anon he wanne
Capistranus that holy man
And kneeled vpon his kne
He sayd father for Chrystes loue of heuyn
That made this worlde and dayes seuen
Harken now to me

B₂ recks.



B₂ var.



The turke his purpose is
I let you wyte wthouten myg
To wyne all hungaree
Therfore father put thy holy hande
And helpe to warre goddes lande
His true bycare yf thou be
He brenneth chyrches in euery place
Chrysten men gothe to deth a pace
To beholde is great pyte
Now father helpe wth thy socour
For Maryes loue that swete flour
Our hope is moche in the
Wth two hondred this same daye
To grecus wyllingburgh he toke y wape
This is no scozne
Many a thousande there shall dye
yf he wyne that ryall cyte
All hungary is forlorne
I am the messanger of Iesus
Truly lord it wyll be thus
As I haue sayd before
Therfore helpe wth all thy myght
For goddes loue for to fyght
That was of Marye borne
Than the pope sayd anone
Good brother frere Johan
As I vnderstande
Thou prechest goddes wordes wyde

In the gyfthe of the moste noble kynge

The moste noble moste myghty

Whether that he be free or bonde
And as I am goddes bycat true
This false turke his reyle shall rue
And therto my holy hande
Now father I thanke the hertely
To chose a capytayne ye byd me
Certayne without any mys
Now holy father withouten layne
This shall be my capytayne
He sayd the pope ymys
A baner of Chrystes passyon
That mannes soule dyd redempcyon
And brought them from payne to lyght
Halowe it with thy hande
The people may the better stande
That vnder it doth fyght
This shall be my capytayne
An other wolde I haue fayne
That is thy bull of leed
That all that vnder it dooth fyght
For goddes loue moost of myght
Euer in any lande
Yf it happen them to be slayne
That thyr soules come neuer in payne
After that they be deed
The pope sayd blessed myght thou be
A holy man I holde the
I wyll do after thy rede
Anone the baner was made and halowed
and he folded

B₃ Kato.



B.3 verso &
beginning of B.4 recto



The people blessed hym tymes thre
And thus his leue he taketh
Ware fote he bare out of the towne
The baner of Chyestes passyon
Toward the turke he hasteth
And preched goddes lawe as he yede
And moche people to hym gan spede
To gete theyr soules solace
Great golde and syluer was hym gyuen
And euer he delte it euen
The people that with hym yede
So certaynly as I you saye
Ill wome for hym dyd praye
And so it was great nede
Suche freres we haue to seme
Praye all we Chyest Jesu
To be his helpe and spede
For of this I fynde a fytt
Ferther and ye wyll fytt
Herken and take good hede
This frere wente to Hungary
And many men with hym truely
That for our lord dyd fyght
To an vniuersite he toke y waye
The greatest in Hungarye I dare wel saye
Gottauntas it hyght
Out of the vniuersite there wente in fere
Syre and twenty. As. With the frere
Of relygyous men full ryght
The most hartely and moste

The fere With great deuocyon
Bare the baner of Chrystes passyon
Amonge the people all
Dysplayed abrode great lope to le
Men of dyuerse countre
Halt to hym gan fall
Thus passed forth the Cappytanyus
And met with the good erle Obedyanus
A capytayne pryncypall
Twenty thousande and mo
Amonge them was but knyghtes two
And thus men dot h them call
Rycharde Norpeth a knyght of Englande
And sye Johan Clacke A vnderbande
That was a turke before
And now he is a curteys knyght
I let you wyte and a wyght
And stedfast in our lope
Many a turke hath greued sore
They lyues they lefte behynde
He hath made them hop heedles
Many one withouten les
Where he myght they n fynde
There .xx. thousande met in fere
With Obedyanus and the frere
In helme and hauberke bryght
To grece wyllynburgh he toke the waye
There the turke at spegelage
With many a knyght

Continuation of B4 recto
beginning of B4 verso



Continuation of B4 verso
beginning of C, recto.



fyue. C. gonnes he let thote at ones
Brake dōwne the walles with stones
The wyld fyre lemed lyght
To heare it was great wonder
The noyse of gonnes moche lyke y thonder
That was a feerfull dynne
The noyse was herde many a myle
Obedianus the meane whyle
Entred the towne within
At. vi. of the clocke the sothe to saye
After noone on the magdaleyne daye
And neyther lesse ne mo
And Capistranus good frere Johan
Assoyled our men euerychone
To batayll oz they dyd go
And cryed loude with a voyce clere
Let vs fyght for our soupere
In heuen is redy dyght
Our baner shall I bere to daye
And to Jesu tast shall I praye
To spede vs in our ryght
Anone they togyder met
fyue. A. dyed withouten let
In h lme and hauberke bryght
Obedianus that noble man
Slew them faste that seruyd sathan
Therowe Chyyst they crownes had care
All that he with his saucon hyt
There was no salue I let you wyte
The most hartned men



